




AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

April 1938

"I Serve"









April Punctuation

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Decoration by Wynna Wright

WHEN? curved the squirrels' tails—
A furry question mark.
When? curved the squirrels' tails—
Of the coming spring
There's no sign—not one thing,
When? curved the squirrels' tails—
When? Where? and What?

There! said the squirrels' tails—
Then—Listen! Hark!
The earth held a flower
And that very same hour
Came the first singing robin!
Every single squirrel's tail
Was an exclamation mark!



WYNNA
WRIGHT.

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

The Classroom Index

Citizenship:

"He Invented Botany," "Ten Pieces of Gold,"
"What's In It?," "Easter Truce of Czechoslovakia,"
"Spring News," "Walter Woodpecker"

English:

"April Punctuation," "Something to Read,"
"Easter, Bairam, and Hans Andersen"

General Science:

"What's In It?," "He Invented Botany," "Mr.
Frog and His Family"

Geography:

Albania—"Ten Pieces of Gold," "Easter, Bairam,
and Hans Andersen"

Australia—"Something to Read"

Czechoslovakia—"The Easter Truce"

France—"The Political Handkerchief"

Hungary—"Colored Easter Eggs"

Peru—"Carnival Day in the Andes"

Other Countries—"Easter, Bairam, and Hans An-
dersen," "Colored Easter Eggs"

Health:

"What's In It?"

Nature:

"April Punctuation," "He Invented Botany,"
"My Birds," "Spell for Spring," "Mr. Frog and
His Family"

Primary:

"April Punctuation," "Walter Woodpecker,"
"Mr. Frog and His Family," "Colored Easter
Eggs," "Easter, Bairam, and Hans Andersen,"
"Hans Andersen"

Reading:

1. Which squirrels in the picture are hunting for
spring and which have found it? 2. How does the
poem make you feel excited about spring?

1. How did the Beauty Queen show her love for
Antonita and Pedro? 2. Name several words that are
alike in more than one language.

1. Why did the birds belong to the poet? 2. How
can you protect birds?

1. What contributions to peace were made by Carl
Linnaeus? 2. What other famous Swedish persons do
you know about?

1. What persuaded the Councilmen to pay Said
Sula for his night watch? 2. Tell another true or
make-believe story about keeping bargains.

1. What experiment of the Manumit children do
you think especially useful? 2. Perform some simple,
consumers' test.

1. How did the girl of the PROGRAM picture get a
new dress? 2. Find out as much as you can from the
encyclopedia and other sources about the Kalmucks.

1. How does the bluebird tell what April looks like?
2. Make up a poem that gives you the "feel" of
spring.

1. What made the Turners uncomfortable about
their new home in Australia? 2. Have someone look
up the book and find out how it turned out.

1. How do the Czechoslovakians celebrate Easter?
2. Have an Easter Truce in your own room.

1. Which of the letters quoted from school corre-
spondence do you find most interesting? 2. Plan an
entertainment based on holidays or festivals of other
countries.

1. Who was Hans Christian Andersen? 2. Have a
class program made up of his fairy stories.

1. What are the most interesting activities in
"Spring News"? 2. Do something that will make
good spring news for others.

1. How could a handkerchief be political? 2. What
different ways of spreading news do you know of?

1. What are you most surprised about in "From
Abroad"? 2. Find out other things about one of the
countries from which news is quoted.

1. What cured Walter Woodpecker of his laziness?
2. Do you know anybody like him?

1. Who does Mr. Frog give his outgrown clothes
to? 2. Choose some animal, bird, or bug and observe
it carefully.

1. How do Hungarian children celebrate Easter?
2. What do you like best about Easter?

Units:

Advertising—"What's In It?"

Birds, frogs and squirrels—"My Birds," "Walter
Woodpecker," "Mr. Frog and His Family," "April
Punctuation"

Communication—"The Political Handkerchief"

Conservation of life and health—"He Invented
Botany," "What's In It?"

Consumption—"What's In It?"

Easter—"The Easter Truce," "Easter, Bairam,
and Hans Andersen," "Spring News," "From
Abroad," "Colored Easter Eggs"

Flowers—Front Cover, "He Invented Botany,"
"Spring News"

Holidays—"A Carnival Day in the Andes" See,
also, *Easter*.

Home and Family Life—"A Carnival Day in the
Andes," "Ten Pieces of Gold," "Something to
Read," "Walter Woodpecker," "Mr. Frog and His
Family"

Propaganda—"What's In It?"

World Friendship—"He Invented Botany," "Eas-
ter Truce of Czechoslovakia," "Spring News,"
"From Abroad," "Easter Eggs in Hungary"

Developing Program Activities for April

Rallies and the Convention

IN ADDITION to suggestions given on the PROGRAM page for a Junior Red Cross Rally, some of the topics to be used in the national Junior Red Cross Convention next month in San Francisco may be interesting for discussion. Also, they may be useful for those Junior High Schools that are preparing delegates.

Convention Theme: Junior Red Cross as a Social Force

Problem: What can Junior Red Cross contribute towards the solution of current social problems?

Monday afternoon, May 2.

1. What are some of the social problems which young people must help to solve?
 - a. Unemployment and relief
 - b. Health and safety
 - c. International cooperation
 - d. Cultivating wholesome attitudes towards world problems
2. *Model panel discussion:* What contribution have we, as Junior Red Cross members, to make to the solution of these problems?
 - a. How can we make Junior Red Cross a more vital part of the whole school?
 - b. What does our program offer in the way of activities?
 - c. By what means may we cooperate with the Juniors throughout the world?
 - d. Applying Junior Red Cross ideals and attitudes in times of stress
 - e. The Junior Red Cross magazines as a factor in vitalizing a program

Tuesday morning, May 3: There will be one section for Senior High School and one for Junior High School delegates.

Discussion topic: Organization and program planning

1. Methods of interesting all students in membership
 - a. Student assemblies
 - b. Publicity
 - c. Other successful devices
2. The Junior Red Cross Council
 - a. Methods of organization
 - b. Responsibilities for devising the program
 - c. Responsibilities in drawing all students into active participation
 - d. Publicity in the school and in the community
3. Planning the program
 - a. Consultation with the Red Cross Chapter officials for suggestion and guidance
 - b. Discovering local opportunities to serve, through a community survey
 - c. Extending the service program to state and national institutions
4. The relationship of the Junior Red Cross publications to the program
 - a. Bringing the magazine to the attention of more students
 - b. Use of the PROGRAM OF ACTIVITIES (or the Bulletin Board SUPPLEMENT TO THE JOURNAL) in program planning
 - c. Use of articles in the magazine as reference material in various classes and departments

d. What new features might be included in the magazine?

Tuesday afternoon: There will be one section for Senior High School and one for Junior High School delegates.

Discussion topic: What local and national activities constitute the Junior Red Cross program in High Schools?

1. Educational program of the Red Cross Chapter
 - a. First Aid and Life Saving courses
 - b. Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, and Nutrition
 - c. Safety programs including Home and Farm Accident Prevention, Highway First Aid, Survey of Disaster Hazards
2. Community Welfare
 - a. Service to handicapped and underprivileged children
 - b. to adults
 - c. to the school
 - d. to the community
 - e. In time of disaster
- f. Cooperation with other youth groups
- g. Cultivating appreciation and cooperation among cultural and national groups represented in the community
- h. Keeping the public informed of Junior Red Cross objectives and services
3. National activities
 - a. Service to government hospitals and other national institutions
 - b. Assistance in national disasters
 - c. Intersectional correspondence
 - d. Support of the National Children's Fund
 - e. Junior Red Cross conferences and conventions

Wednesday morning

Summaries, brief addresses, and reports of committees.

Junior Red Cross Chairmen and Sponsors

On Tuesday afternoon, May 3, there will be a meeting of adult Junior Red Cross leaders to which all teachers who want help in guiding the work will be welcome. The program is given here for any of you who may want to be thinking about the problems. Perhaps it can be used for local meetings among some who do not attend the convention.

Subject: Development of Junior Service in Chapters

1. The responsibility for program development
 - a. on the part of the Chapter
 - b. on the part of the school
2. Necessary training technique for
 - a. the Junior Red Cross Chairmen and Committee; b. teacher sponsors
3. Steps to be taken by the Junior Red Cross Chairman to establish firmly a good program
4. Most advantageous use of Junior Red Cross courses and materials
 - a. in elementary schools
 - b. in high schools
5. Problems facing Junior Red Cross Chairmen and sponsors, such as: a. enrolment; b. interesting the whole school; c. relating the program to existing school groups; d. Junior Red Cross Council organization

Junior Red Cross and Progressive Education

The Progressive Education Conference

AT THE National Conference of the Progressive Education Association in New York City late in February, two points of emphasis stood out through the general sessions and special panels:

1. Concern over serious problems of individual conflicts, such as the problem of achieving release and happiness through integration within each individual
2. Concern over very serious social problems confronting us in our own country and throughout the world—the problem of achieving happiness and security as groups

Whether the discussion centered around relations of child and family, individual and public health, reorganization of curriculum materials to fit into actualities of living in the complex world of today, rather than the no longer real world of yesterday, or release of the personality through creative expression—all separate discussions were parts of these major concerns. Each phase persistently intruded on the other. If the discussion dealt with personal relations, these relations were seen interwoven with the social problems that press upon the individual—overcrowded schools, perplexed or undemocratic parents, overworked or worried teachers, poverty, a world at war, interracial misunderstandings close at home. If the panel sought ways for release of personality and individual adjustment through creative expression, it became clear that such growth was hampered or prevented by conflicts of poverty, ill health, poor housing, hunger perhaps, or other problems infringing on the individual.

Contrariwise: the panels and talks dealing with social problems reverted to the fact that there could not be contented or progressive social groups composed of frustrated individuals.

There was agreement that children should be helped to see the problems honestly and given faith in their own powers to work for solutions.

No final panel attempted specifically to fuse these two elements of a single problem; the delegates were left with the necessity of fitting the pieces together constructively in their own situations, and these situations ranged from huge, public schools in poverty-stricken areas to small, favored schools in economically fortunate communities.

Application to Junior Red Cross

For the Junior Red Cross, certain implications stand out. The social philosophy from which the Red Cross sprang and the emerging philosophy of progressive education are increasingly similar. Implicit in each is the ideal of voluntary social cooperation among individuals and groups, for ends that are humanitarian in the broadest and deepest sense.

Junior Red Cross members have an opportunity for socially worthwhile effort towards easing the acute problems. Their activity, wisely directed, may

1. Have an immediate and direct effect in alleviating some of the conditions out of which these problems grow
2. Have an indirect but definite effect in resolving the conflicts and frustrations within the boys and girls themselves
3. Have a growing and abiding effect through edu-

cating members to understand these problems and to work courageously for a more permanent solution.

The sense of stewardship that every teacher using Junior Red Cross should have is deepened when we realize in how many countries teachers are earnestly seeking these deeper values from our program. The following analysis has roots in experience reported from some of the "Work Schools" in Hungary, where conditions are unlike those in our more favored schools. Yet the fundamental likeness of boys and girls, and men and women, everywhere, is the foundation for certain conclusions that are everywhere alike. The superficial and artificial differences in environment make some of the applications different.

Carrying Service Through

Normally, something in us clamors for completion of a thing begun. The monotony of repeating the same kind of thing day after day, with no climax of achievement, rouses discontent, while running from one unfinished task to another leaves the runner restless and dissatisfied with himself and his job. An examination, a contest, a teacher's measurement of pupils' work, and promotion may partly meet this fundamental need, not for *competing*, but for *completing*. Such ways, however, are more or less artificial for all and often harmful to the successful as well as the unsuccessful.

The need for completion is as deeply true in Junior Red Cross work as any other part of a child's life. The work is "real" in that it is the sincere effort of members to meet somebody's actual need for comfort or pleasure. *Junior Red Cross activities are not made up, or faked, as beneficial exercises for the members.* Satisfaction in what is done should be *realized*. How?

1. Do your pupils realize for what persons and for what purposes (outside themselves) their Junior Red Cross service has been performed? (The inner results that you may be watching are not the question here). Have you, or has someone from the local Red Cross Chapter, or some welfare worker explained why their gifts and entertainment are needed?

2. Have they been made conscious by letters of appreciation or personal contacts that their efforts were successful? (Here, by the way, is the reason they themselves should write thank-you notes for gifts, bread and butter notes after visits, and make prompt acknowledgment of school correspondence.)

3. If such acknowledgments have been impossible, or, as in foreign correspondence, delayed, have members been helped to survey, from time to time, their own accomplishment—perhaps by a simple record of increase and of their improvement in technique of service?

These are simple day-by-day ways of insuring some satisfaction.

As the year draws to a close the members may be interested to examine their own work more searchingly, and to set themselves a still higher standard for next year. Here are questions that can be adapted, translated into the right age language.

1. What has our service for others included this year? Clothes, food, books, toys, gifts for pleasure, expressions of friendship?

2. How much of what we have done will last?

a. Practical Gifts. Clothing wears out, and food is eaten, but all such gifts may have enduring qualities. Were the garments we gave of a kind to build self respect in the person who wore them? Did the food help to a better balanced and more attractive diet?

b. Gifts for leisure and recreation. Favors for holidays are not often supposed to last, and toys and books will be broken or wear out in time; but have ours had that lasting value of being our "honest best," showing in their craftsmanship respect for the recipients and for ourselves?

c. Inner values. Have all our gifts been made with friendliness and respect for those we serve, in a way to bring happiness and faith, not humiliation or discouragement?

3. What have we learned that will last, that will help us in future experiences?

a. What facts have we learned about the problems out of which the need arises—about present efforts towards alleviation and hope for solution?

b. Has there been change and growth in ourselves, in understanding of people and of problems to be solved?

4. Is there any one service we have seen clear through to a solution—some one tided over a crisis, for instance, through our part in Red Cross disaster relief, till he could look after himself again? Or have some children in our own community been brought

into the security of knowing they have friends? Has some family been helped to safer living? Has some community problem of play or safety been met?

World Friendship

Some of these same tests can be applied to world friendship. For example:

1. Were gifts in our Christmas boxes of a quality to build lasting friendships?

2. Did our school correspondence give a well-rounded view of us, of our interests, and activities? our section and country?

3. What new facts have we learned about our own country and others?

4. What better understanding, better ways of acting towards others, better habits of thinking about them have we formed?

5. Do we know more than we did about the ways men of many nations are trying to work together? Are we wider awake to, and more sensitively aware of, these movements for cooperation?

6. Will our own better understanding meet the tests of world problems today so that we can keep our heads above the "emotional floods?"

Fitness for Service for April

PLAY, out-door exercise, and sunshine are the important points in Fitness for Service this month. Activities in addition to those suggested on the PROGRAM page might include keeping a memorandum for part of the month to show just how much time is spent out doors daily. This should mean the sum total of time in walking to and from school, playing before school, at recess, noon and after school, and out-door work. Members might also ask to have as their particular home responsibilities certain out-door chores like helping with some part of the garden and lawn, and keeping porches and walks tidy, and looking after some of the simpler repairs necessary.

Besides these things, it may be possible to transfer some study, reading, and class work out of doors. Are there opportunities for out-door excursions and field trips?

Can rest periods be arranged out doors?

Are there groups in the community who can be treated to out-door recreation—entertained at a school baseball game or field meet, or taken for picnics or wild flower hunts?

The Public Health Nursing Service at National Headquarters has given the following statement of the values of out-door play:

"1. Sun is absolutely essential to all animal and plant life.

"2. Some muscular activity in the open air is needed by every healthy person.

"3. Sun and exercise outdoors combine to increase our energy or pep and enthusiasm.

"4. They build up our resistance to disease.

"5. Sun does not penetrate through ordinary glass or dark clothing and therefore we must go outdoors for its benefits."

Precautions

"Sun may be harmful if taken in large doses. Individuals differ as to the amount they can stand. Exposure should be gradual to prevent the pain and danger of sunburn. The rays are strongest from 10:00 A. M. to 2:00 P. M.

"Avoid direct glare of sunlight. Eye strain frequently results from long exposure."

"It Can Be Done"

The Primary room of the Mt. Summit School, New Castle, Indiana, in a letter to Quebec, Canada, reports:

"Our city—Newcastle—has just completed the third year without a traffic accident. It is the only one of its size in the United States that holds that record. We are proud of it. Our Boy Scouts patrol the streets near the school buildings."

The Need for Completion

In harmony with the discussion of satisfactions realized through Junior Red Cross are the closing paragraphs of the January teachers' Health Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company:

"Dr. Fritz Kunkel, in his book *What It Means to Grow Up*, defines the chief point in which the adult differs from the child as his greater capacity for enduring tension. That is, the mature person can endure unpleasantness, pain, discomfort—in fact any disagreeable experience—if it is the means of bringing him nearer his far-off but splendid goal. The child, on the other hand, cannot endure for long the tension between his need and the final satisfaction; he cannot wait.

"Curiosity is an active agent from earliest childhood, and the modern teacher may capitalize on this normal tendency. . . . Throughout the growth period the importance of the environment into which these Why's and How's are projected can scarcely be overestimated. Work on projects sufficiently simple to insure a sense of accomplishment, and directed into constructive channels, often serves the double purpose of stimulating mental growth and affording an outlet for the normal restlessness of growing children."

Some References

Safety and Health of the School Child, a self-survey of school conditions and activities by James Frederick Rogers, M.D., Consultant in Hygiene, Office of Education, Pamphlet No. 75, for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. Price ten cents.

Measuring Growth, Health Bulletin for Teachers, January, 1938, School Health Bureau, Welfare Division, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

April • 1938

Carnival Day in the Andes

ELIZABETH LINEBACK LEDIG

"**A**NTONIA, little one, wake up! It is the day of the Carnival." Señora Martina Fernandez gently shook the small brown shoulder of her ten-year-old daughter. Antonia crawled out of the blankets and sleepily rubbed her eyes.

The sun was just rising over the snow mountains to the east, the Andes were giant masses of shadow, while over the Cupaca River hung a thick white fog. In front of the tiny thatched hut Señora Martina had started a fire of eucalyptus leaves between three large stones over which was a black earthen pot. The odor of coffee made Antonia hurry out fastening her little scarf across her shoulders as she came. She had not taken long to dress, for nights are cold in the high Peruvian Andes, and there is never any heat in the houses, so nightgowns and pajamas are unknown—belts are loosened and shoes slipped off.

"Oh, Mama," cried the little girl, "will we all go into Huancayo today, and is it true that the Señorita Maria is to be the Queen of Beauty?"

"Yes, your godmother is, of course, the Queen of Beauty, and we will go to town if your father and brother will take us," replied her mother, busily grinding out meal between two smooth stones. "They have gone to the river to fish. Go, little one, and tell them to hurry."

Antonia's bare feet tapped quickly over the hard stony path to the cliff down which she scrambled like a small goat to the swift, cold

water's edge. She slipped quietly along the bank to where her father stood almost up to his knees in the current. He motioned Antonia to join her brother a few feet downstream, and she stepped carefully into the icy water, and tucked her skirts high up under her gayly colored woolen belt. With an iron bar, Señor Fernandez lifted a fairly large stone, and the children bent toward the water.

From under the stone flashed several fish, and as Pedro jabbed swiftly with his sharp pointed spear, Antonia cupped her little hands and felt a twisting slippery form slide into them. Pedro handed the fish caught on the end of his spear to his little sister, who hurried to the bank and put it in an old cracked earthen pot set half in the water.

Not until there were a dozen more fish in the bowl did Antonia remember her errand; then it was another quarter of an hour before the three came over the edge of the cliff and saw the smoke of the fire by the door.

Señora Martina raised her hands in disgust, but when she saw the shining fish in the pot, her anger melted as quickly as it had come.

"Are they for the Señorita Maria, Pedro?" His mother's eyes shone as she thought of the pleasure they would give the children's Spanish godmother.

"Yes, Little Mother," answered Pedro as he deftly cleaned the blunt-headed catfish and laid them between wet leaves in a half gourd that was intricately hand-carved and painted.

An hour later the family was on its way to Huancayo, the state capital. Señor Fernandez



PAUL LEDIG

The market at Huancayo was crowded with Indians

walked ahead with Pedro, whose shoes pinched his toes but made him proud of being very stylishly dressed. Señora Martina walked a few yards behind her husband with the baby, José, slung in a scarf on her back. Antonia trotted beside her mother, and as they went along both mother and daughter almost unconsciously spun and twisted coarse loose wool into a firm thread. The soft wool was caught over the left arm, with the small homemade spindle held in the right hand, and the thread was pulled by nimble brown fingers trained from babyhood.

Huancayo was crowded with Indians in gay scarfs and broad white hats. The streets were lined with stands where one could buy small sweet cakes, or soft goats' cheese in cabbage-leaf containers, or hot doughnuts cooked on a stick. There was a rickety cart of ice with a large bucket in the center containing very soft ice cream. The streets already showed streamers of *serpentina*, or gay paper confetti.

Quickly the travelers passed down Calle Unión and turned into a narrower street, Calle Giraldez, on which the godmother lived. A high adobe wall, unpainted and unsightly,

stretched almost a block. It was broken occasionally by corrugated iron gates, at one of which Señor Fernandez knocked loudly, to be greeted by a chorus of barks from within.

Finally a servant came and opened the gate a crack, then, seeing the Fernandez family, welcomed them in, driving back the dogs with sharp, high cries. Inside the high wall lay another world. A patio, or square garden space, was filled with flowers. A peacock strutted across the path. From perches on high posts bright-hued parrots screamed at the visitors. In woven wood cages, hung from the branches of eucalyptus trees, were violin birds and small love birds that had been brought up from the jungle. Around the patio on three sides the house was built, with broad upper porches and broad porticos underneath. Into one of these open rooms the guests were taken, and the serving girl ran off on bare, brown feet to call the Señorita.

Time is very unimportant in the Andes, and it was almost an hour before a maid came to the sala, or living room. But the minutes had passed quickly, for the house-boy had Pedro away to see the brilliant fighting cocks, Antonia had discovered a pen of white rabbits, the Señora and the cook had exchanged news and gossip—and Señor Fernandez had simply sat!

Always it was thrilling to enter the *sala* with its gilt chairs, its painted velvet hangings, its gleaming piano, but today—!

Beside the table stood Señorita Maria, her long dark curls bound with bands of silver and strings of tiny pearls. Her slender figure was draped in a soft white garment that fell in waves on the carpet, a Grecian robe for the Carnival procession.

"I am glad you have come," she said, her red mouth curving into a smile. "Mama is so busy this morning she has asked me to greet you and to offer you these small gifts."

At this point Señora Martina nudged Pedro so violently that he very nearly upset the fish. He stepped awkwardly forward and without a word held out the gourd of fresh catfish to the Señorita. Soon there was a babble of "Thank you," and "It is nothing" on each side. On the table was a steel knife for Señor Fernandez, an umbrella for the mother, for Pedro a leather belt to replace his homemade one, and for the baby, José, a tiny silver cross and chain. Antonia smiled happily as each was given a gift and tried to keep her lips from trembling when the table was empty, and so were her hands. Then Señorita Maria took

her arm and led her over to a big chair in whose depths rested the answer to all dreams—a large china doll with real hair and with eyes that would open and close.

Antonia held it to her a long moment, her black eyes round with joy, then turned it over to see its hair better. To her utter astonishment the little thing cried, "Mamá, Mamá!"

Antonia looked quickly at her mother, then at her godmother.

"She can talk? My baby can talk?"

"Yes, Tonita, she can talk."

"But was she not made in America of the North? Then how can she speak Spanish?" said Antonia as she turned the doll over and over on her lap.

There was a general laugh and the Señorita assured her that children in the United States also called their mothers "Mamá." But it still seemed very queer to Antonia.

As the visitors were leaving, Pedro was handed a square of cloth into which something secret and bulky had been folded, not to be opened until time for the parade. Again there was a chorus of thanks, and best wishes, and remembrances, and again Antonia worshiped her godmother in her lovely Beauty-Queen's costume. Then they were alone in the narrow street with the dogs barking inside the gate.

Lunch consisted largely of sweets bought on the street, with the hard rolls and parched kernels of corn Señora Martina had carried in a cloth in the scarf with little José.

At two o'clock the church bell rang, and officers rode up and down the street clearing it of people and burros, llamas, cattle, and sheep. At last from the balcony of the Casino Club a trumpeter announced the opening of Carnival.

"Oh, Pedro, now! Please now open it," wailed Antonia, trying for the hundredth time to touch the precious package her brother carried.

The children sat down together, the dark heads bent, as Pedro untied the corners. Into Antonia's lap tumbled roll after roll of *serpentina*, pink and blue and yellow and red, bags of paper snow, and packages of gayly colored cut confetti, a dozen tiny thin rubber balloons, and two small syphons of amber liquid.

The children soon had this gorgeous treasure evenly divided.

Pedro rushed away to the town pump and returned gasping from hurry to display his balloons, which were as large as tennis

balls and very nearly bursting with water.

He had tied each one firmly with woolen threads pulled from the poncho he wore over his shoulders.

"Oh, Pedro, I will give you another balloon if you will fill mine for me," whispered Antonia, as her brother took careful aim and flung his balloon at the head of a boy in the crowd. The ball hit with a sharp slap and burst at once over the boy's black hair. Everybody in sight howled with joy, the victim ducked under his hat, and drawing a similar balloon from his pocket ran off toward the pump. Pedro promised to fill Antonia's balloons as soon as the boy was lost in the crowd, and the children sat nibbling their parched corn as children here would munch popcorn.

Suddenly Antonia jumped gasping to her feet and pulled the scarf tight across the back of her neck. A tall boy ran laughing away, holding his syphon carefully. The syphon was a long slender glass tube containing,



PAUL LEDIG

The float swept on, while Antonia unwrapped the box, carefully saving the silver thread that tied it

under pressure, a mixture of perfume and ether. The stream was sickly sweet to smell and felt as cold as ice water, but was perfectly harmless and lots of fun to use!

At this moment the trumpet blew again, and down the street came the officers once more, followed by the government school band in blue overalls and clean white blouses. Behind them marched the girls from the mission school, then the Rotary Club, another school band, and at last the floats began! Pedro's eyes grew narrow and his lip curled scornfully as a group of boys marched past in white pages' costumes with short white pants and lace on their sleeves such as girls would wear! These were the sons of Spanish-Peruvian officials, and they held silver ropes attached to a float showing lovely Señoritas costumed as Peace and Prosperity being led by an older woman who represented Government. There were floats of the ancient Incas, there was one pulled by burros and crowded with clowns. Another band, then came three tall youths with trumpets, and behind them the chariot of the Queen of the Carnival! As her float was slowly drawn along the street, Señorita Maria and her twelve maids of honor tossed small gifts to the crowd, cheap strings of beads, paper flowers, charms.

While the procession passed, streamers of *serpentina* were flung high to travel far across the street, showers of confetti danced through the air. As the float neared them, the Fernandez group pressed to the very curb's edge in excitement. They called and threw streamers, and suddenly the Beauty Queen saw her god-daughter.

She leaned forward and took from her lap a small box.

"Tonita, Tonita," she called. "Hold your skirt and catch this."

The float swept on followed by a few others and a few more bands as the end of the parade neared. A small crowd had gathered about

Antonia, who with shining eyes and trembling fingers unwrapped the box, carefully saving the silver thread that tied it. Inside was a bracelet of slender gold links and from one hung a small round locket. Señora Martina bent over her bewildered daughter and opened the locket to show a charming portrait of the beautiful and gracious Carnival Queen.

"The Señorita is very kind," said the mother gravely. "Too kind to be real. Come, Señor, gather these little ones together. Let us go home now while it is still daylight, and before the children's legs turn under them from weariness."

"Mamá," called Antonia, pulling at her mother's skirts, "I have yet five centavos Papá gave me to spend this day. May we not go to the candle shop and buy one white candle to place on the altar for the Señorita?"

"Yes, small mouse, you may buy the candle," answered her mother.

The snow-topped mountains behind Huan-cayo were rosy with sunset as the little family left a white candle on the altar, burning steady and clear, dropped a timid curtsy to the blue-cloaked Virgin Mary, and stepped out of the church to start back home.

Señor Fernandez and Pedro walked with a group of Indian men and boys, but now their shoes were safely tucked in the large scarf with little José, and their hard, bare feet slipped along smoothly over the stony road.

Antonia looked up happily at her mother and shrugged her slender shoulders to make the doll in her little scarf say "Mamá!" as she had seen her mother do to shift José when he cried.

"Mamá," she said at last, "I am still thinking how very queer it is that the babies in that far America of the North know how to speak the Spanish."

(There was another story about Antonia, "Harvest Time in the Andes," in the April, 1936, News.)

My Birds

WILFRED GIBSON

Because I set no snare,
But leave them flying free,
All the birds of the air
Belong to me.

From the blue-tit on the sloe
To the eagle on the height,
Uncaged they come and go
For my delight.

And so the sunward way
I soar on eagle's wings,
And in my heart all day
A songbird sings.

—In an album from Marysville State School, Victoria, Australia, to Marysville School, Marysville, Kansas.

He Invented Botany

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

THE best way to train a child to become a great naturalist might be to bring him up on a farm or in a forest, and then give him a fine city sort of education. Today, that is easy to do.

It was hard in the days of Carl Linnaeus (Lin-nee-us), who was born deep in the country, in Sweden, in 1707. That means that he was old enough to have been George Washington's father. Instead, he was the "Father of Botany." For he was the first man who made a modern science out of the study of flowers, and of all sorts of plants.

Carl Linnaeus as a child loved the flowers in his father's garden. He liked to spend the whole day in the forest of spruces (Christmas trees as children call them) listening to the birds. The beautiful country where he grew up made him want to become a botanist, but botany in those days was a dark and difficult subject. At just a few universities in Europe, if you were rich and had plenty of time, you could learn something about it. Most of the books were heavy and dull, with queer, smudgy printing, all in Latin, and in many cases what you learned from them was quite wrong. The teachers themselves hardly ever went out into the fields and woods to see anything for themselves. They taught out of books and taught the mistakes in them.

At his school there was no such thing then as nature study, so young Linnaeus had to learn in the best school of all—the out-of-doors. His father, Pastor Linnaeus, knew just enough about flowers to show the boy that there were many different kinds, and each could be recognized by the pattern of the different parts. He also taught him how each kind of flower is a member of some group of similar kinds. There are moss roses and eglantine roses, dog roses and musk roses, all of them some sort of *Rosa*. *Rosa* is the Latin word for any kind of rose, as *Lilium* is Latin



"GREEN LAURELS"; PEATTIE; SIMON AND SCHUSTER

Linnaeus in his Lapp costume

for the lilies, and *Orchis* for the little wild orchids that spangled the summer meadows beyond the Linnaeus house. Latin was then, and still is, the language of naturalists all over the world. The English, the Russians, the Japanese, all have different names for roses. But botanists in all countries know what *Rosa* is.

Linnaeus wanted to be a naturalist, but there was no place in his country where he could learn what he wanted. The nearest thing to it was to be a doctor, who is supposed to know a little about plants that cure sickness.

So Linnaeus was sent to Upsala University, near Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. It took all the money his parents had, but it wasn't enough. Everything seemed to the country boy to cost a horrible amount. His clothes were too countrified. The medical students were looked down on by the proud philosophy students. Linnaeus went hungry and ragged. When the soles were out he put paper in his shoes.

At first he had no friends. Then he met another boy (who was to die young) who was as poor as he, and also interested in natural history.

Linnaeus loved to walk in the botanical garden. This was neglected and dying, but at least it *was* a garden, and he studied the flowers at first-hand. Hiding shyly away here, he would write in his notebook, describing the fascinating symmetry and design of the parts of the flowers. Just what petals and pollen and nectar-cups and all the other parts were for, and how they came into existence, nobody was very certain. But Linnaeus was curious, with the great, hungry curiosity of a very bright boy. And like many boys, even when he didn't know, he would try to guess.

As it happens, he was guessing right. But what makes him a genius of science is that he never rested till he had tested his guess and made sure.

One day while he was writing in the botanical garden where other students never came, an old man, one of the deans of the University, caught a glimpse of him. Dean Celsius also loved flowers; he hated to see the botanical garden neglected. He was so astounded by the sight of a student who really used the ruined garden that he fell in talk with Linnaeus, and was astonished by the boy's knowledge, and his notebook. He took him home to live with him, and got him a small job at the University.

On New Year's Day Celsius found on his desk a little article that his young friend had written. It was called "The Marriage of

Plants." For Linnaeus had guessed, and learned from reading, and proved, that flowers have sex.

They are male and female. The pollen carries the male part of the flower to the organ that contains the ovules or eggs, which are the female part.

Linnaeus discovered the nectaries, that nobody else had ever noticed, that lie hidden in many flowers and attract the insects, who carry the pollen from flower to flower and so perform "the marriage of flowers." He was interested in the parts of flowers—the endless fascination of the number and arrangement of petals, the curious shapes of lady-slipper and snapdragon, foxglove and poppy, pea-flower and pink, each different. Perhaps, he thought, flowers could be classified, and their natural relationship shown, by means of their shapes and the arrangements and numbers of their parts. He began to see that you might be able to fit all these scattered fragments of Nature together like puzzle pieces, and make a clear picture of them.

A great scholar named Olaf Rudbeck was so interested in this young botanist that he, in turn, took Linnaeus to live with him. Long ago Rudbeck had made a journey to Lapland, to study the strange Lapp people, their language and customs, and the wild Nature in which they lived. Rudbeck talked about Lapland till he fired Linnaeus with a great longing to go and see for himself the dangerous and beautiful arctic world.

And at last there came a day when the young man was ready to go. The Swedish government gave him some money for his trip, because Lapland is the northern part of Sweden, and they wanted to know what precious minerals there might be there. Linnaeus mounted his horse, and carrying in his saddle bags a few clean shirts and a little portable microscope, a measuring rod and hammer for cracking rocks, ink and paper, he set out of a fine spring morning to make the first great field-trip anyone had ever made to Mother Nature herself. As he rode out of the gates of the gray old university town, he was



"GREEN LAURELS"; PEATTIE; SIMON AND SCHUSTER

A field trip in the time of Linnaeus, from an old Danish print



"GREEN LAURELS"; PEATTIE; SIMON AND SCHUSTER

Linnaeus made this sketch of the way he carried his Lapland boat

turning his back on superstition and dullness. He was going straight to the open book of the meadows and forests.

The larks sang, the clouds went scudding through the spring sky, the first green leaves were shooting. His heart beat fast with excitement. Great adventure awaited him. He went deep down into a dangerous mine to study rocks and minerals; he swam roaring rivers, climbed terrible cliffs to collect plants, and was once shot at by a suspicious Lapp. He lived with the Lapps, studied their reindeer—reindeer milk, reindeer pasture grasses, reindeer diseases, reindeer babies, till he knew everything there is to know about reindeer. He discovered what the poisonous plant was that mysteriously killed cattle in Lapland, and made observations on the dilapidated state of Sweden's forests and how they were being wasted and abused.

When at last he got back, sunburned and with his muscles like iron, he astounded the Government and the University with what he had learned. He had whole chests of specimens of plants, animals, and minerals. He was chock full of information found in no books, and knew more about the Lapps and Lapland than the king and all his statesmen.

And he had seen the gorgeous arctic flora—the strange and lovely northern wildflowers on which no scientist had ever gazed before. If in Europe there was so much still to be discovered, what might there not be at the ends of the earth, in the strange places of the world? In those days our American prairies and our high mountains had never been explored for their flowers and animals.

On his next trip the government sent him into the western part of Sweden. This was less

exciting to a scientist, but the girls of Dalecarlia were the prettiest he had ever seen. He had come to the age when it is natural to fall in love and to want to get married. During the Christmas holidays, when he was going around to dances in the countryside, he met a young girl named Sara Elizabeth Moraea. He wanted to marry her right away, but her father, Dr. Moraeus, would not let her. He said they must wait and see what Linnaeus amounted to in the world. When he had proved himself somebody of importance, he could come back and ask for Sara Elizabeth again.

So Linnaeus went to Holland, and studied there to become a doctor. He won his way into everybody's favor, because he was so friendly, so modest, so sunny, and so hard-working. He visited France and England, and studied in all the great museums and gardens. Rich men, who were friends of science, offered him travel to Africa, to Asia, to America. He refused, because he wanted to go home and marry Sara Elizabeth.

When he returned to Sweden he soon became physician to the Queen. This was certainly good enough for Sara Elizabeth's father, who was only a country doctor, and so Carl's sweetheart became his wife, and they had three children.

Linnaeus was also made Assayer of Metals to the government, and finally he became, himself, a teacher in Upsala University. In fact, he made it famous throughout the world.

Linnaeus loved to take his students out for days or weeks on end, on field-trips to collect and study. Kind and jolly, he filled everybody with enthusiasm. His pupils went to the ends of the world and sent him their collections for his museum. His courses were packed with students. When they marched back from a field expedition, with banners and music, they would disband in the botanic gardens, shouting *Long Live Science, Long Live Linnaeus!*

And he *did* live long, and was covered with honors! He had luck, he had lots of good country health. But he succeeded because he had both common sense and un-common sense. He was just sufficiently a dreamer, just sufficiently a practical man. Many other scientists, of course, before and after him, have helped to fit the fascinating puzzle pieces of Nature into the clear and noble picture we call natural history. But nobody ever did more than lovable old Carl Linnaeus.



"No! No! You shall not receive the gold pieces"

Ten Pieces of Gold

BRADLEY KELLEY

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

IT WAS nearing Big Bairam, the great festive period for Mohammedans when their month of fasting is over. Big Bairam brings joy to the hearts of Mohammedan children and smiles to their faces much as Christmas time does to our children.

Among the Moslems of Miloti in Albania new shoes were carved out of rough wooden blocks and painted in bright colors; wide pantaloons of red and yellow hues were made by loving mothers for their daughters. In the stores were long candy sticks and lollipops. Out in the great Prayer Field a rough ferris wheel was put up which bare-armed men would propel for the shouting children at Bairam time.

To Said Sula, a man of Miloti, it was a painful thought, that of the approaching Bairam. Each night his little brown-eyed Pasha talked of the happy days to come and asked him about the color of her new *sabots*, or wooden shoes, and if she might have new pantaloons to replace her faded ones.

Pasha was four. Her mother had died when

she was four months old. Her father could not bear to tell her the truth, that he was too poor to buy the new shoes or the bright pantaloons, or even henna for dyeing her hair, eyebrows, fingernails, and toenails, as was the custom even for the little girls at Bairam time.

For ten years Said Sula had been the town crier of Miloti, and through the one street of the village he had announced in ringing tones, the edicts of the wise town councilmen. What a misfortune it was when a heavy cold seized him and left him with only a whispering voice. For the town fathers decided that a town crier who could not "cry" was useless, and Said lost his job.

He searched for other work, but in the quiet mountain village there was nothing for him to do. Soon the little money that he had saved for Bairam was used up.

Now, this town of Miloti was situated high on the side of a mountain. Only one road led to it, and on the road was an old stone bridge. It was the sentinel post for the guardian of the sleeping town. Of late no man had been

able to stay all night on the bridge because of the intense cold, and the town councilmen as well as all the inhabitants, were disturbed.

It was decided by the councilmen to offer ten gold pieces to the man who could remain all night on the bridge. But he must not warm himself over a fire, for a fire, as everyone knew, would draw the attention of roving bands of brigands.

Many men who tried the long vigil had to give up before day dawned. Then it was that Said Sula determined to guard the bridge all night and earn the gold pieces for Pasha's Bairam party, even if he should die of cold.

It was just two days before Bairam that he went to the bridge to spend the night. With darkness, it grew bitter cold. The wind came howling down from the mountain. The mist from the stream froze on his mustache and his blood was like ice. He must give up, he thought. Then, off in the distance, he saw the reflection of a huntsman's fire on the mountain.

"Ah," said he, "that is a good fire." And he rubbed his hands and shook his body to warm himself. Then turning his back, he saw another fire on the opposite mountain. Again he smiled and spoke to himself.

"Yes, that is still better than the other. Oh, such a good fire, just looking at it warms me."

So he continued through the night to rub his hands and swing his arms, repeating all the time how pleasant a good fire was and how it served to warm him. What a poor world it would be without comfortable fires!

Early the next morning, happy with the thought of the gold pieces he would have for Pasha's Bairam, he made his way to the Town Hall. The councilmen were in session as they usually were, sitting in a circle on the floor round a bright charcoal brazier and calmly blowing blue rings of smoke towards the ceiling. Respectfully Said removed his hat and announced that he had come for the money, as he had remained all night on the bridge.

When he had finished, the wise men were on their feet, angrily shaking their turbaned heads. The chief councilman spoke fiercely.

"No! No!" he exclaimed. "You shall not receive the gold pieces. You have not earned the reward, as you have violated the condition by warming yourself over a fire."

"But how could I warm myself over a fire many miles away?" he asked them. In spite of his pleadings and protestations, however, they refused to give him the gold pieces.

Poor Said Sula was a man in despair. He could not go home to face the smiling eyes of Pasha who would remind him, as she made his tiny cup of Turkish coffee, that the next day was Bairam when she would be happy with all the other children of the town.

Instead, then, of returning to his cottage, he went off to the stone bridge and sat down to weep. All day he did not move. He knew that in the evening he must return and break the sad news to his little girl.

It was just at sunset, when the great mountain was clothed in old rose, that Nastradin Hoxha, a wandering Moslem priest famed through all Albania for his good deeds and great wisdom, climbed the narrow mountain road to Miloti, singing a song of Bairam. He stopped the tune when he saw the weeping man at the bridge. Going up to him he asked:

"Why, what is the matter, my good man?"



"Then, my good friends, if you will look overhead, you will see the dinner boiling in the pot"

Why are you so sad on the eve of Bairam when all good people are happy?"

"Oh, I am a cursed man," replied Sula. "I have earned some money and have been cheated out of it."

And to the kind-faced old priest, Said related his tale.

Nastradin Hoxha looked very solemn.

"Do not worry, my good man, I can help. I will have the gold pieces in your hand before you sleep this night."

"Oh, I will gladly give you half if you can get the money, but I have no hope. It is impossible to change the decision of the wise men." And poor Said Sula continued to weep.

"Let us go into the town," said Nastradin. Arrived at the Town Hall, Nastradin entered and, speaking to the wise men, he invited them in respectful tone to dine with him that evening in his hotel. In Albania a wandering priest is a respected person, and the town councilmen accepted with alacrity the invitation to dine with the well known Nastradin Hoxha.

Promptly at seven o'clock they appeared at Nastradin's hotel, or *han*, as it is called in Albania. The host offered greetings and seated them in a circle on the ground in the yard of the hotel.

This made a pretty picture, as the councilmen of Miloti were all priests, and wore long dark gowns. On their heads were high round fezzes with white turbans, the same as Nastradin, except that his turban was green, showing that he had been to Mecca, and was therefore a wise man.

There was much conversation and smoking of the cigarettes that Nastradin rolled and offered to his guests, placing his hand over his heart, touching his forehead, and murmuring, "Tuniatjeta," which is Albanian for "God bless you and give you a long life."

But after an hour or more had passed, there were long periods of silence. The guests looked slyly from one to another, asking with their eyes—"When do we eat?" There were no signs of the dinner, and the polite Nastradin gave no indication of preparing one. He sat very quietly, his eyes gazing at the flame of a candle which was stuck in the ground in the center of the circle of seated men.

The hungry guests became nervous. It was now nine o'clock and still no dinner. At last the president of the council spoke sternly and asked Nastradin when the dinner, to which they had been invited, would be served.

Nastradin roused from his pleasant meditations, assured his guests that they would have a very good dinner, and he apologized for the delay in the preparation.

"But," exclaimed the astonished spokesman for the council, a fat man who ate much and often, "where is the food and the fire? I do not see either."

"Oh, my good friend, do you not see the fire here in the circle?" and Nastradin pointed to the lighted candle. "Then, my friends, if you will look overhead you will see the dinner boiling in that pot," and he directed the blank stares of the priests to a large black pot which was hanging from the limb of a tree high in the air but directly over the flame of the candle.

"I assure you, wise councilmen, we shall have a very delicious dinner when it is cooked."

The guests sprang to their feet, red with fury.

"Why, you stupid man," said the president, "do you mean to say that the flame of the candle down here on the ground will cook the food in that pot up there? Certainly you are crazy."

"This is an outrage, and an insult to the members of the town council."

"Ah, excuse me, my good and wise men of the council," said Nastradin with a kindly smile. "Then if the food up there in that pot will not be cooked, how could a man on the stone bridge warm himself over a fire miles away on the mountainside?"

"If you are right, my good men, you must give this poor man the ten gold pieces that he has justly earned."

The wise men, much dismayed, handed over the ten gold pieces to the happy Said Sula, who all the time had been standing unseen nearby. Like a deer he ran up the street to his little Pasha. Together they hurried out to the shop of the shoemaker and candy vender to do their buying before the last cry of the muezzin from the minaret which would send them all to bed.

When the weird song of the old man on top of the slender minaret did bring sleep to the townsfolk, it found Said Sula reposing soundly on his straw mat, and little Pasha smiling in dreamland, and clutching in her arms her bright new shoes for Bairam.

Nastradin Hoxha, too, was happy as he sat down to a bounteous dinner which he had earlier ordered to be served him promptly at ten o'clock.



PHOTO GORO

A class testing several kinds of bread

What's In It?

ALL of us are consumers. We consume food, clothing, shelter, fuel, lights, and a variety of items. Consumers pay for what they consume. Lately more people than ever before are taking an interest in whether or not what they pay for what they consume is money well spent. In other words, they are going in for "consumer research." The children in the Manumit School in Pawling, New York, are especially interested in the subject because they run the cooperative store for the school where sixty boys and girls between six and twelve years of age are studying. There is a good-sized farm connected with the school, and there they learn about farm animals and farm products, too—things like how much milk each cow gives, what will make the hens lay better, what will make the eggs have better shells, how much fruit the apple orchard should supply.

We asked the Manumit children to send the News accounts of some of the tests they made in their consumer research.

June Colberg, who is nine years old, wrote about tests for yeast and baking powder:

In one of the glass tubes we put water and yeast and sugar together, and then we left it over for a certain number of nights. Each day

we looked at it to see what happened to it. We saw bubbles climbing along the sides, caused by carbon dioxide. On some of the test tubes we had corks, and the carbon dioxide blew the corks off because the tube became too full of gas. The carbon dioxide was piling up and got too big, so the cork came off. In another test tube we just had sugar, but nothing happened to that. We had a test tube exactly like the test tube with hot water, yeast, and sugar, but in this one we had heated the water, yeast, and sugar, and it made no bubbles. We looked at the yeast under a microscope. It looked as though it had little dots in it, a little round piece of matter. There were little things jumping around inside the yeast. It looked like a teeny weeny bug hopping around. We tested tomato juice, too.

We tested baking powder to see if there was any calcium in it. We tested four baking powders and we found there was calcium in each one. The labels on two of them said there was calcium in them; only one said that there wasn't a bit in it, but we found out that there was. Here's how we tested them: We dissolved a sample of baking powder in water and then we filtered it. Then we added a solution of ammonium oxylate to some of the baking powder that had been filtered, and

then we found out that calcium was present, because a white precipitate formed. Baking powder is composed of acid, baking soda, and water, and equals carbon dioxide in making gas and raising bread. The acid is cream of tartar.

Twenty eight- and nine-year-olds tested different makes of bread as to cost, weight, color, taste, air holes, and the claims of the various advertisers.

Eight-year-old John Kelly wrote about this test:

First we got lots of kinds of bread. Then we weighed it and we let it stay for a week, and then we weighed it and we saw how all the water went out of it, and we made the experiment so we could see which was best, and we found out that the whole wheat was best because it lost the least weight.

Results of the test were reported to the twelve-year-old pupils. They do much work in the kitchen and dining-room, and so they are particularly interested in foods:

Tommi Goreau of this group explained:

We take different kinds of brands of food and we compare them by taste, color, price, weight, and smell. We vote on which one is best or most suitable for buying. We see what percentage of sugar and other ingredients are in them. We take the accurate weight, and check them with weights marked on cans. We took the peaches out of the cans, and we put several slices on pieces of paper, and marked them by numbers. We compared them for taste, color, and weight.

We come to a decision on what is best by vote. We do not know the prices or brands until after the decision is made. Advertising claims have very little relation to the facts as we found them. Most advertising has nothing to do with brand, taste, or weight. Mostly weight was found to be entirely different from that marked on the

can. We found out that the least advertised brand of maple syrup was the purest, and the most advertised was made mostly of cane sugar, more than any other ingredients—75 to 85 per cent cane sugar, 15 to 25 per cent maple syrup. The prices are alike, 23 cents a can. Another can was honest and showed corn syrup. It had to be honest or they would be cast off the market by the Federal Trade Commission, the Pure Foods and Drugs Act, and the Public Health Service. They test brands to see whether they are just to the facts stated by the company. We also tested peas and seafood.

In the same older group was Myron Schaffer, thirteen years old. He told about various food tests that were made:

We tested white flour and salt for starch, also wheat flour. Salt has no starch, white flour and whole wheat flour have starch. We tested each of these things for protein and the results were the same—salt has no protein, white flour and whole wheat flour have protein. To test for protein you put the substance in a test tube and add nitric acid, and if you get a yellow color you pour off the nitric acid and you add water. Then pour off the water and add ammonium hydroxide, and if you get an orange color your substance has protein.

We tested for sugar. We put some orange juice in a test tube and added Fehling's solution and heated it over a Bunsen burner, and it turned green, and then orange. If the color is orange, the article contains sugar. We also tested raisin juice, it contained sugar, tested a kind of sugar and it didn't turn orange but



Preparing a display for a state fair

PHOTO GORO

stayed blue in the Fehling's solution and that means it is pure sugar, because if we wanted to test how to find what kind of sugar it was we would add certain other chemicals, but as it didn't turn orange it was pure sugar. We tested thyrol. It turned orange so that showed it was a different sort of sugar. Then we tested starch and starch contains sugar. We tested unknowns for sugar. The first unknown contained no sugar; second unknown contained sugar; third unknown contained sugar.

Then we tested for fats. We took the white of a hard-boiled egg and made sure it was dry, chopped it up very fine and put it in a test tube and added ether, shook it up, and then took some filter paper and poured the solution on the filter paper. We waited until it dried and held it up to the light beside an untreated piece of filter paper. If the treated piece is lighter than the untreated, it contains fat. The white of the hard-boiled egg did not have fat, but the yellow had fat. Our tests showed corn meal, no fat; cream of wheat and oatmeal, fat.

The next week we tested milk for everything—sugar, fats, proteins. We took a cup of milk and put hydrochloric acid in it and stirred it until it became coagulated. Then we strained it through a double piece of cheesecloth and got the coagulated substance, put it in a test tube, added nitric acid to it, poured off the nitric acid, keeping coagulated substance, which had turned yellow. We added ammonium hydroxide and it turned orange.

This proved milk has protein.

Then we took some more of the coagulated substance, put it in a test tube, added nitric acid, shook it well, and poured the acid off, keeping the coagulated substance, and added ether. We put it on a piece of filter paper and let it dry and held it up to the light, and it was lighter than the plain filter paper, so the milk contained fat.

We put some of the strained milk in a tube, heated it until the boiling point, put a little



Testing steel for rusting

PHOTO GORO

in a test tube, and added nitric acid and ammonium molybdate, and held it up to the light, when it showed a granular precipitate and that showed that milk contains phosphates.

We put hot milk in a tube and added Fehling's solution, and heated it until it turned orange, so milk contains sugar.

We tested sugar, flour, and lettuce for minerals. Sugar has no minerals; flour and lettuce have minerals. We put the sugar in a little platter and heated it until it was red hot, and kept heating it, and still some remained. If there is anything left after the substance has boiled down, it has minerals. We tested flour and lettuce. Then we tested lettuce for iron and shook the remains of the lettuce and put it in a test tube, added sodium sulphocyanate, water, and hydrochloric acid, and it turned light red, and that means lettuce has iron.

We tested lima beans for starch, sugar, and other substances.

Tests proved that the beans contain starch, but no sugar, and have protein, minerals, and phosphate.

We tested raisins for sugar, starch, phosphate, and minerals, and found they have sugar but no starch, phosphate and minerals. We tested whole wheat flour and found that it has no sugar, but starch, phosphates, and minerals.

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The Calendar Picture

SHE CAME from a country unknown to us. She spoke a language we could not understand.

The house in which she had spent her short life lay in ashes.

She had seen it burned with the rest of the village, by soldiers. It was war that had driven the small girl far from her home.

Perhaps wandering out into strange countries was not as hard for Kurds as for some others, because for ages it had been their habit to move about with their herds in search of good pasture.

So when they found their homes gone and their cattle driven off, they started off to reach the Black Sea and to find a kind ship's captain who would take them to a country where they would be safe.

That is how, after many wanderings, they came to Constantinople and asked to be taken care of.

But Constantinople was crowded with refugees. All the houses were filled; there was scant food, and no clothing to be given away to anyone.

Outside the walls of Constantinople there were soldiers' barracks, empty now, but desolate and dirty. It was the only place in which

to house this new and unexpected batch of refugees. And the Kurds liked it. They were a merry set, and in spite of their hardships looked trim in their green costumes and crown-like headgear. But they had only the clothes they wore, and many babies had been born on the way with no layettes waiting for them.

And so the women, as soon as they were under cover, began asking for material to make into garments.

Supplies in the great Red Cross warehouse in Constantinople were all gone. Only a few sewing machines and thousands upon thousands of yards of tape, meant for surgical dressings, were left.

The Kurdish women said, "Give us the tape and teach us to use the machines, and we will do the rest."

So the machines were brought to the barracks.

In a few days, strips of tape were being sewn flatly together into yard lengths wide enough for chemises, shirts, and baby clothes. It was a regular sewing bee.

Outside on the doorstep of the barracks I found my model, intent on putting her buttons on the right spot, but ready for anything new in this country of strange doings. When I began sketching she looked out at me with a twinkle of interest in her slant eyes, as though to say, "This never happened to me before.

"What next?"—A. M. U.

Spell for Spring

ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE

If you don't remember
How April looked last year,
Ask the first brave bluebird:
He'll tell you, never fear.

He carries April's color
Across his shining wings;
He's April's own true messenger
When he stops and sings.

And April's first shy flowers
Are not more gay than he,
Swinging upon a bare, brown twig,
But *dreaming* a leafy tree!

Alike

Physiology Teacher: "Name three articles containing starch."

Frank: "Two cuffs and a collar."

Something to Read



Greentree Downs

M. I. ROSS

Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00 (Ages 12 to 15)

THE FOUR Turners were determined not to be adopted. Kind neighbors had offered to take care of one or another, but they considered themselves old enough to be independent. Besides, they wanted to be together.

So when a letter arrived from a great uncle in Australia, inviting them to come out to that country and live with him, it was greeted with whoops of joy, even though the uncle was practically unknown to the young Turners.

Arriving in Australia was quite an adventure. The Turners came in from the north, by what is known as the continent's "back door." Snakes and crocodiles seemed far too friendly. At the same time, the new country was fascinating. A kindly acquaintance left the Turners within sight of their uncle's lonely sheep station, and then turned back.

At first they were rather discouraged by the loneliness and lack of conveniences they found at the little station. Their uncle had written that he had to go away on business and so unfortunately they would have to shift

for themselves until he came back. The place seemed quite deserted. But before long their family enthusiasm took hold of them, and they began to work like beavers.

For several days there was no sign of anyone. Elizabeth, the younger girl, who was fourteen, began to wonder whether they might not have made some mistake. She looked at the little house that was fast becoming attractive and homelike, and an unpleasant thought struck her. Perhaps this was not their uncle's house, after all! But a neighbor soon arrived in the shape of a husky, grinning young man, who immediately took an interest in the Turners and their plans. In a dry, humorous way he gave them all sorts of good advice and help. The Turners were amazed at the friendliness of Australians, and at the same time by their rather abrupt and dictatorial manners. At first they were a little standoffish, but soon they decided that they liked the people and the country tremendously.

It was not long before Guy had made a discovery that brought flocks of scientists to the deserted station, and soon Elizabeth was well started in the sheep-raising business. But the climax was a delightful surprise in the form of their long-lost uncle.—C. E. W.

The Easter Truce of Czechoslovakia

ONE of the most beautiful customs in all the world is the Easter Truce, which has been observed in Czechoslovakia every year since it was started in 1921 by Dr. Alice Masaryk, head of the Red Cross of that country. On Easter Saturday the Truce is proclaimed in a solemn ceremony in the Parliament House at Prague. Then the Red Cross asks that for three days the newspapers, the radio, and all the people turn their thoughts away from quarrels and bad feelings and toward speaking kindly and doing good. Each year there is a different motto for the Truce. One year it was "Gratitude to old people"; another, "Let the healthy help the sick." This year it is "Truth prevails," the motto of Dr. Thomas Masaryk, the founder and first president of

the Republic of Czechoslovakia. In his memory, the Czechoslovak Juniors will send greeting cards to Juniors around the earth. This year, as last, the proclamation on Easter Saturday will be broadcast to all nations.

On Easter Monday the Juniors of Czechoslovakia parade, dressed in the costumes they have worn in the Easter Truce festivals for children on Palm Sunday.

No one can measure the great effect when a whole nation turns thus to thoughts of others, of peace, of good will. Perhaps some day the Truce may spread to other countries of this distressed world. Perhaps some of America's Juniors will plan this year to join their comrades in Czechoslovakia in spirit and in deed in the Truce of Easter.

Easter, Bairam, and Hans Andersen



A silhouette in an album from Austria to Decatur, Indiana

OVERSEAS mail this month is about a variety of things, as the title shows. First are some letters about Easter, which comes on April 17th this year.

Correspondents in an Austrian village school begin their celebrations with Palm Sunday, the week before Easter:

FROM FAR and wide the farmers' children with their big "palm" bushes come in bands to church. Like a living forest, the palm bushes carried by the children are collected round the church. The girls are not to be put in the shade by the boys. Their palm bushes are as pretty as the boys'.

According to old custom, all sorts of plants go into the palm bunches: pussywillow instead of actual palms, which do not grow in Austria, hazelnut branches as a protection against thunderbolts, periwinkle and ivy as emblems of faithfulness, juniper branches as protection against contagious diseases, new sprouts of wheat which are next day put back

in the ground to take a blessing to the crop. Often the bunches are trimmed with bows of bright ribbon. When the boys and girls go home after services, the new palm bunches are put in the place of last year's. Housewives light the fire on Easter Sunday with the old palms.

Easter-rattling is an old custom still in use today, especially in the Alpine countries. From Good Friday morning till Easter, or in some places from Holy Thursday till Saturday morning, the boys go rattling from house to house. They recite everywhere the story of the Crucifixion. For their recitations they receive varicolored eggs and sweets and pastry. Outside the village the presents are shared. You know that there is an old story that the church bells all fly off to Rome during Easter week, and in olden times people thought that the rattles would scare away witches who would come to the villages while the bells were gone.

A boy in school in France tells about Easter there:

EASTER is a beautiful day that we celebrate in France. On the Thursday before this celebration, the bells go to Rome, and they come back on Saturday, loaded with eggs, chocolate bells with wings on them, and hens of sugar. The gardens are full of them. All the families celebrate Easter from the richest to the poorest one. On this occasion we exchange cards between our families.

How many questions children ask their mothers during Easter week! "Mother, will the bell pass by our town?" "Will it give us something?" "Yes, children, but only if you are good."

On Easter Sunday we go to grandmother's. Our little Peter, who is still very young, is a little shy in front of grandma. But soon he smiles, when in the garden, the good old lady makes him find the chocolate and sugar eggs that the generous bell has laid for him.

The Italian Junior Red Cross magazine tells about an old custom of Sardinia:

IN SARDINIA, among the oldest and strangest traditional Easter customs was the egg dance. It is a very funny dance that was performed regularly at this season until a short time ago.

In the marketplace or on the threshing floor of the country estates, eggs were placed at a certain distance from each other. Then the dance began. Young people are always fond of dancing, but this time they had to dance without breaking the eggs. Imagine what acrobatics were necessary. Everyone had a jolly time, dancers and lookers-on. The best dancers, or rather those who broke the least eggs, received a cock and a hen as a prize.

It is possible that this custom still persists in certain towns.

Like Easter, the Mohammedan Bairam is a movable feast. The ninth month of the Mohammedan year is the month of Ramadan, but, as the Moslem year has fewer days than ours, the ninth month falls at different seasons. Bairam is a Persian word, meaning "festival," and it is pronounced bi'ram. Some Albanians are Christians and some are Mohammedans. The two faiths get along together all right in their small country.

In an album for an American school, Hysejn Chela, of Albania, said:

EVERY good Mohammedan considers it his duty to fast during one month every year. This is to remind him of the sufferings of the poor and the hungry and to arouse his sympathy for them. It is also the bounden duty of every Mohammedan who is well off to give part of his profits to charity.

Following the fasting month, Ramadan, comes the Grand Bairam, which is celebrated during three days. Seventy days after the Grand Bairam comes the Little Bairam. This lasts for four days and is the more important of the two festivals. On this Bairam, each house, excepting the very poorest, slaughters one or more rams as a sacrifice for the leading members of the family, usually the father and the mother.

On both the Bairams, all over Albania, the people put on their best holiday suits. They labor hard during the year so as to be able to buy something new for the festival. The choicest of foods are served.

The days are spent in exchanging visits. People greet each other with the words, "A happy Bairam to you and to all, and may it find you better next year." The children play, sing, and have special games.

Today all the world loves Hans Christian Andersen for his wonderful fairy tales. Denmark is, of course, very proud of him, and in that country they celebrate his birthday, April second, as our back cover this month shows.

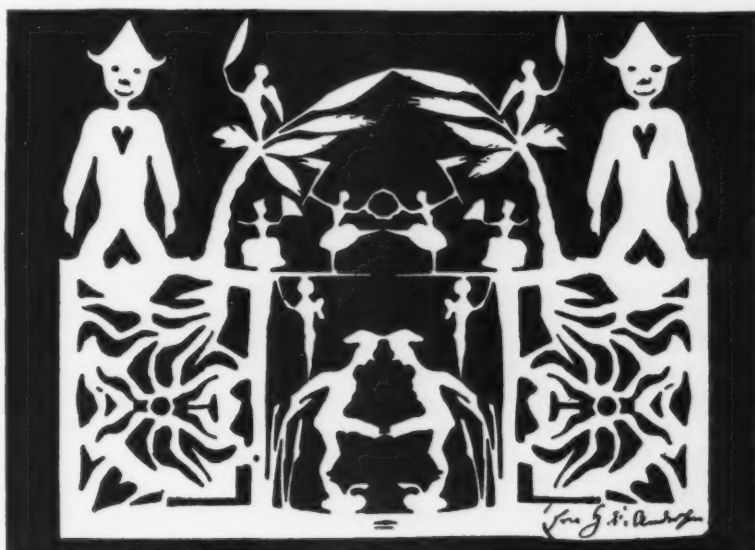
A writer in the Estonian Junior Red Cross magazine tells about a visit to Andersen's home:

THE DANISH king of fairy stories asked us to visit him today.

At Odense, one may still roam through the rooms where Hans Christian Andersen formerly lived. Odense, in the midst of beautiful countryside, is itself a town of fairy stories with its thatched cottages whitened by lime, its churches with their roofs of red tiles, and its lively windmills gaily turning.

In this spot, a long time ago, lived a hard-working cobbler with his wife, Anni Marie Andersdatter. They had a son, the famous Hans Christian, whose stories are universally loved by the children of the rich as well as of the poor.

The son of the poor cobbler lived in a small and very simple house, and it was there that he wrote his stories. Those wonderful stories could only have sprung from the mind of a



Courtesy Duffield Company

Hans Andersen made this cut-out for Ida of "Little Ida's Flowers"



An Albanian Prayer Field, where Bairam is celebrated

simple man living in a quiet little house. Andersen had no need to look for inspiration in the books of others, he had only to look around him; the daily life going on there gave him plenty of subjects.

From the moment of entering the house, one finds oneself face to face with the poet. He is wearing his astonishing tall hat, and his carefree smile welcomes the visitor. A little farther on, one sees the portraits of Riborg Voigt and Louise Collin, the two women whom he tenderly loved, but alas, in vain.

The whole place is fairly teeming with souvenirs. Our poet was a great traveler, and things he brought back from his travels may be inspected here at Odense.

On the first floor the people whom he made live in his stories are gathered together. Those children who have the good fortune to come here don't want to leave this room, for in it they can recognize their old friends; big Claude and little Claude, the swineherd, the queen of the snows. The little girl who sold matches, walking on the point of her toes, is not far from the king, who advances under a canopy waving with majesty his new night-shirt.

Andersen's writings, translated into every

imaginable language, are very neatly arranged on the shelves.

On the ground floor, a set of pictures retraces the principal events in Andersen's life. Over there is a scene showing the young boy in his father's little shop; here he is still bigger, saying good-bye to his mother and grandmother before getting into the yellow coach which will bear him off to college. A third picture represents the poet at the foot of Vesuvius, enjoying to the full his meeting with the painter Thorvalsen.

In the house at Odense, Andersen positively lives. It is he who conducts you through the rooms, who invites you to sit down on the divan or the garden chair amidst the flowers while he tells you in a language which is the same as your own your favorite story.

Then, when he has entertained you so marvelously, he accompanies you to the door, raises his tall hat and, with his smile, wishes you good luck.

I assure you that is what happened when I went to the little house at Odense. It is only for the people with little or no imagination that Andersen is sleeping his last sleep at Copenhagen.

The Political Handkerchief

FROM 1831 to 1833 a newspaper was published in France called "The Political Handkerchief." At that time, the French government imposed such high customs duties on paper for newspapers that a certain publisher decided to print his newspaper on something else. He purchased a great quantity of linen at so low a price that he could sell his newspaper at much less than the usual price.

After reading the latest news one had a useful and cheap handkerchief. It was much cheaper to buy half a dozen newspapers than as many handkerchiefs. The first number of "The Political Handkerchief" was issued in the autumn of 1831. That season and the following winter were particularly cold and damp; so that many people had had colds and needed handkerchiefs. "The Political Handkerchief" sold in great quantities. But when spring came, and with it the sunshine, the colds passed . . . and with them this original newspaper.

Today there are only fourteen samples of "The Political Handkerchief" in existence.

—From the League of Red Cross Societies.

Spring News

IN celebrating Pan American Day, April 14, Juniors of the Columbia Elementary School, Peoria, Illinois, gave a pageant during assembly hour, and each class wrote its own part.

The school sent an album based upon this play to the Institute Crandon in Montevideo, Uruguay. The entire text of the pageant was given, and pictures of children who took part, dressed in costumes of the various nations, were included. The second-grade child whose picture is on page 23 represented Guatemala, and we are quoting from the album her brief part in the pageant:

"Our homes in Guatemala are very low. I like the tall buildings and houses in the United States. You see, we have to have low buildings because of the many earthquakes we have. I think you would like our houses, though, because they are painted in beautiful bright colors.

"My gift is something that you children like. It is chewing gum. Almost all the chicle that is used in making gum comes from my country."

Besides the snapshots of the children who took part in the pageant, there were colored drawings of children in native costumes. Above each national group, there was a drawing of the flag of the country represented.

TO RICHMOND, Virginia, fell the honor of having one of its citizens chosen as Queen of the Apple Blossom Festival held annually in Winchester, Virginia. The Hilltop School in Richmond told all about it in an album which they sent to fellow-members in the Elementary School at Hamry, Bohemia, Czechoslovakia:

The Apple Blossom Festival comes when all the orchards are in bloom. Around Winchester is great apple country, and there are thousands of trees in bloom

at this time. From here, apples are shipped to many parts of the world.

A queen is chosen to reign over the festival and people come from all over our country to help celebrate. It lasts for two days and nights. The town is decorated with flags and banners, and everyone is jolly and gay. The coronation of the queen is very beautiful. Then there is a big parade with apple blossoms and the people on the floats are seated or standing among them. At night there is a big ball for the queen and her court.

Last year, Miss Cornelia Larus, the sister of one of the boys in our school, was chosen Queen Shenandoah XIII. We are sending you a doll dressed just as she was when queen in 1936. Also you will see pictures taken of her during the festival time. We thought you would be pleased to have her and see how lovely the queen looked.

Perhaps you will also like to know that in 1935, the daughter of your Minister from Czechoslovakia was crowned Queen Shenandoah XII. There are also some pictures of her in this album.

We hope you will like our doll, and will write soon to us telling us about what you are doing in your Junior Red Cross work.

ADMIRAL ROSSITER, Surgeon-General of the Navy, recently asked the American Red Cross to assign a medical social worker to the Naval Dispensary at Long Beach, California.



Richmond, Virginia, Juniors sent this doll to Czechoslovakia. She is wearing the same costume as last year's Apple Blossom Festival Queen, who came from Richmond. (See note on this page)



An operetta, "Little Black Sambo," was given by the Central School of Morgantown, West Virginia. The Juniors made the background and properties in their art classes, and learned the songs in the music room

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Moore was chosen. She assists the doctors and the Red Cross Chapter in caring for the wives and children of the Navy men who are on ships at sea. In thanking J. R. C. members who made some toy bunnies for children attending the dispensary, Mrs. Moore told this story:

Mary and Joe are five and four years old. They live in a little apartment of one room and kitchen, and when their mother is home, it is neat as a pin. But when the Red Cross worker from the Naval Dispensary went to see them yesterday, it looked as though a cyclone had been inside the house, for clothes and playthings and dirty dishes were scattered everywhere.

Mary and Joe with uncombed hair and unwashed faces were playing on the floor. Their mother was taken very sick in the night, and hurried off to the hospital, and their father, a sailor in the United States Navy, had to be on his battleship at seven o'clock in the morning. So there they were, taking care of each other until the Red Cross could do something about it.

The Red Cross worker found a pleasant woman to care for the children and clean the house, but it was rather forlorn for Mary and Joe with only a stranger to take care of them. When the Red Cross worker went back to her office, there was a package on the desk. It was very light in weight—so light she said

to herself, "It must be paper flowers for Easter." But no, when it was opened there were two cunning bunnies, one green and one yellow, with handsome orange trimming for the yellow one and lavender for the green one. And best of all they were made of oilcloth so they could be washed.

The minute she saw them the Red Cross worker said, "Mary and Joe must have them; it is not nice to have your mother in the hospital at Easter and your father away all day on the ship." So on Easter morning the bunnies were given to Mary and Joe. Mary cuddled hers up and talked and petted it as you would a little wild thing.

Joe hopped his all over the floor, shouting, "My rabbit can hop better than any rabbit in the world; my bunny is the greatest hopper in the world."

When the Red Cross worker left, Mary said, "Tell the children we love our bunnies." And this is the story of the pleasure that Junior Red Cross presents gave to two little children who needed something to brighten their Easter.

WEST FAIRLEE, Vermont, members made scrapbooks recently for friends who were ill.

The first one was for a woman in the hospital. The cover was decorated with the cut-out letters and emblem of the Red Cross. Then all through the album were pages devoted to different subjects. In the beginning, on the left-hand page, were pictures of some guests paying a call. The page facing this was blank, except for the heading at the top, "Guests Sign Here." Another page pictured a nurse, and had a place for nurses to sign, another page was for doctors, and so on. One page was decorated with all sorts of flower pictures, and there was a page opposite marked, "Record your flowers here."

The second scrapbook was for a schoolmate, also in the hospital. Certain pages were marked for coloring on certain days. Several pictures were marked with special instructions: "Hand picture number two to the little

girl on your right." "Ask the nurse to give picture number four to the little boy on your left, ask him to color it as he likes, and pass it on to another little boy." Puzzles and "word teasers" were included, too.

THE SECOND edition of the Omaha, Nebraska, *J. R. C. News*, has recently come to National Headquarters. Writing about "Our Book," a seventh-grade member of Windsor School said:

Did you know that many children in the Philippines do not know what a dentist is?

The first story in the new book, "Our Book, Our Very Own Book," describes how a class of children in that far-off land felt when they were told that the Junior Red Cross dentist was coming. They were very curious as to what he was going to do in their school. When he came, they were afraid and many stayed home that day.

They soon found that he was very kind. He cleaned their teeth and relieved their toothaches. He taught the children how to care for their teeth, and made frequent visits to inspect them.

This is just one of the interesting stories, that this book offers. I felt as if I were reading letters from personal friends in foreign countries. It seems there just aren't enough stories, and I hope another book similar to this will be published soon.

By the way, these Omaha Juniors are anxious to exchange *J. R. C.* papers with other groups around the country. Write to the Junior Red Cross Secretary of the Omaha, Nebraska, Chapter of the Red Cross about this.

And to get a copy of "Our Book" send fifty cents to your Red Cross Headquarters Office at St. Louis, San Francisco, or Washington.

THERE was a wide variety in the report of Easter activities sent in by the *J. R. C.* of Westchester County, New York.

The James M. Grimes School, Mount Vernon, made twenty-eight Easter cards for the Sin-

nott Old People's Home. The Rochambeau School at White Plains made twenty-four Easter baskets for the children at the Sunshine Cottage. Greenburgh Elementary School made candy, cookies, stuffed dates, jelly, scrapbooks, Easter cards, and pillows for the old people at the County Home. The Albert Leonard School, New Rochelle, made scrapbooks and mounted crossword puzzles for sick people. Port Chester schools made three hundred Easter cards for men in the government hospital at Batavia.

McDonogh No. 16 School, New Orleans, has an annual egg hunt at Easter time, for children in the first and second grades. Last year, eleven hundred eggs were hidden, and when the hunt was over, those who had the most were asked to share with those who were a little slow.

Third-grade *J. R. C.* members of the Fort Hill School, Lynchburg, Virginia, held a flower show and sale at Easter time. Flowerpots were painted in bright colors; plant slips were brought from home several weeks before the

time of the show, and watched over very carefully. When the flowers were blooming, a booth was decorated and plans made for the show and sale at a Parent-Teacher meeting. The flowers were marked with price tags, and a good sum was raised for the *J. R. C.* Service Fund.

KINDERGARTNERS of Boston, Massachusetts, made toys enough to fill 246 Easter boxes for children in local hospitals. The gifts were made of such simple materials as paper, cardboard, wool, and water colors, but many original ideas were worked out. Among the gifts were trains, animals, grandfather clocks that ticked, wrist watches with moving hands, and even the house of the Three Bears with every detail reproduced.



Peoria, Illinois, Juniors gave a Pan American Day pageant (see note on page 21)



In the waiting room of a dental clinic in Zlin, Czechoslovakia

From Abroad

JUST when we are getting ready to celebrate the Easter holidays, members in India are planning for New Year's. Writing to the Burton School in Erie, Pennsylvania, the Saroj Nalini Dult Memorial Industrial School at Calcutta said:

Our New Year falls on the thirteenth or fourteenth of April, which we celebrate in our own way. The houses are decorated with flowers, leaves, and grasses. Special prayers and services are organized, and certain rites are performed in almost every household.

While we welcome the New Year and look to it with hope and confidence, we have all respect and no complaint for the past one. We believe that the old year is no less a friend of ours than the New Year.

Our old year is "wise and experienced." Our New Year is "ambitious and energetic." On New Year's Day we pay homage to the Almighty for both of them.

JUNIOR RED CROSS members in South Nigeria, Africa, play a game called *ikrobanite*. Players sit down in two straight lines facing each other; a long bamboo pole is put between them on their laps. A song is sung by one player, while the others hold the bamboo pole with their two hands. The players draw it forwards and backwards, bending as they sing. When the song ends, the players scatter and run away. If there is any player left who does not run, he will be caught and car-

ried to some place nearby and put on the ground.

AT A gathering of J. R. C. Links in Plymouth, England, recently, the front of the platform was decorated with two small cherry trees. They had been raised from seeds sent by the Japanese Junior Red Cross. One of the trees was about eighteen inches high; the other was not quite so tall, but it was quite a sturdy plant.

AN ALBUM has just come through National Headquarters from the A. V. Girls School, Nasik, Bombay, India, in reply to correspondents in the Junior High School, Great Falls, Montana. This is one of the letters included in the album:

Our Junior group started in 1931. Ever since, we have helped many poor people. We started with a concert for the relief of those who suffered during the Lasalagoon flood. We held a sale of work in February, 1934, in aid of His Excellency, the Viceroy's Bihar Earthquake Relief Fund. The proceeds of the sale were Rs. 217. We have adopted a little girl. We help her by giving her clothes and vegetables grown in our school garden. We gave another concert in August to help the Civil Hospital Nasik clothing fund.

On Sundays we visit the village Masrul to talk to the villagers about keeping their village clean. We explain to the children the importance of cleanliness and sanitation. We give them soap and such other things as will be useful to them to keep clean.

We teach them games and sewing.

When we see a clean child, we give it some useful thing to encourage them all to try to be clean. After the Sunday talks we give a concert to collect money which is used to employ a nurse to look after the welfare of the children.

Last Christmas we sent a parcel of toys for the sick children in the hospitals. We sent a small sum for the relief of the Spanish children, also. Now we are going to have a sale to help our local Leper Asylum and Tuberculosis Clinic.

JUNIORS of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Great Britain, saved scraps from their meals to feed a dog whose owner could not afford to buy food for it. They also save silver foil and stamps for hospitals.

AS A THANK-YOU for Christmas boxes from America, the J. R. C. of the Sixth Primary School, Heracleion, Crete, packed twelve small boxes of currants and sent them off to schools in the United States. On each box an attractive label in national colors was pasted, and there was an inscription in three languages—Greek, English, and French.

AT A patriotic parade in Lima, Peru, in honor of the liberator, San Martin, the members of the Junior Red Cross were invited to take part in the procession with their banners. They were placed in back of the group carrying the national flag. The banners were not carried at the end of a staff, but held horizontally by a number of Juniors placed on three sides. The members wore their badges; several of them also wore medals which they had won for their work and service. This parade gave the public an opportunity to see how the Junior Red Cross had grown in the schools.

The J. R. C. was also in charge of the First Aid Posts installed on San Martin Square.

SEVERAL pages in the Junior Red Cross magazine of New Zealand tell about what different Maori J. R. C. groups are doing. Here are a few unusual activities:

Pukehina Native School. Held a concert to raise funds for crippled soldiers; collected seeds and cuttings to beautify the school grounds.

Rakaumangra: Make cocoa for the children every day, and one day a week they make soup from vegetables in the school garden.

Papamoa: Had a Red Cross stall at their school dance at which they sold baby clothes, children's aprons, and other things made by themselves.

Maungapohatu: Each Junior Red Cross member takes weekly turns in giving first aid to children of the school, dressing cuts, abrasions, and so on.

Waihua: Had a beehive and sold honey. With the money earned in this way they bought tulip bulbs for the school garden.

THE JUNIORS at the mixed school of Dobrichovic, Czechoslovakia, are helping to take care of twins born in the family of one of their schoolmates. There are nine children in this family, the oldest being thirteen. The second one, aged eleven, had to do all the work of the house, including taking care of the younger children. As the father was unemployed, the Juniors provided the layette and food for the babies, and will continue to look after them.

J. R. C. MEMBERS in Rhodesia, South Africa, are much interested in First Aid. Other activities include the knitting and sewing done by girl members for poor families in the district; and ploughing and cultivation by the boys of about three or four acres of land. On this land vegetables will be grown to improve the diet of children in the neighborhood.



Falls cause a large number of permanent or mortal injuries every year to children climbing on trees or buildings



Mr. Woodpecker took a long breath and hammered the back of Walter's head

Walter Woodpecker

Robert and Irene Needham

Pictures by Charles Dunn

WALTER WOODPECKER was a little boy woodpecker who lived in a hollow tree with his father and mother and two sisters.

Walter's two little sisters were hatched first, and when Mrs. Woodpecker looked at the other egg she sighed and said to her husband, Hammer Woodpecker, "Don't you think we'd better throw this one out?"

"I never saw such an egg. I'm tired of sitting on it."

"Have patience, my dear," said Hammer, "it will hatch in time." And sure enough, next day out came Walter.

Walter was always a problem. Just because he was the youngest, his father, mother, and sisters spoiled him. He flopped around the nest and ranted and yelled if he weren't fed first. Sometimes

his little sisters went hungry just because Walter opened his beak wider than anybody else, and shoved them out of the way whenever his mother or father dropped a big fat worm. Sometimes when it was almost dark in the orchard Mr. Woodpecker could be heard drilling away on some old apple tree just to keep Walter satisfied.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammer Woodpecker were very hard-working people, as all good woodpeckers are.

They went to all the trees in the orchard, looking for food.

Woodpeckers have very sharp ears. They can hear better than any other bird. Their ears are so good that they can hear a fuzzy worm boring inside the bark of a tree. Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker listened at all the trees in the orchard. When-

ever they heard a worm at work, they drilled through the bark with their sharp bills, Br-r-r-r-r-r-Tat-tat-tat-tat and took the worm home to their children.

Sometimes, when it was almost dark, you could still hear Mr. Woodpecker in the orchard going dita-dita-dita-dit just to keep Walter satisfied.

When the little woodpeckers got their feathers and learned to fly, the two little girl woodpeckers got out and helped their mother. But Walter sat around the nest, while his father and mother brought him food.

One day, Mr. Woodpecker said, "I am going to stop working for Walter. I've fed him all summer, and I need a vacation. I am not going to wear out my bill so that I can't even feed myself."

Walter's mother said, "Oh, dear, I do wish Walter would learn to use his head," for you see woodpeckers have to use their heads if they want to get along in the world.

Walter paid no attention. He just sat around the apple tree admiring his beautiful new feathers.

It was a good thing that Walter couldn't see the beautiful red ones on top of his head or he would have been more spoiled than ever.

Then one day the farmer and his wife came out to the orchard to pick apples.

The farmer's wife looked up to the tree where Walter was sitting and said, "See that poor sick woodpecker, John! He must be sick, for he just sits around."

"Poor thing!" said the farmer. "If he is sick, perhaps I had better shoot him. There is nothing in life for a sick woodpecker. He will only starve in the winter time."

That frightened Walter. It frightened his mother. It frightened his sisters, and even Mr. Woodpecker was alarmed.

"Hear that!" said Mr. Woodpecker.

"Oh, Walter, please be careful," said his sisters.

"Oh, Walter," said Mrs. Woodpecker, "don't make mother wish she had pushed you out of the nest before you hatched. Please do something."

"I'll get to work," Walter promised.

"I'll show you how," said his father.

Since there was really nothing the matter with Walter except that he was lazy, he soon learned where the apple tree borers could be found. Walter did not like drilling through the hard rough bark of the apple trees. While his father and mother went Br-r-r-r-r-Ta-tat-tat-tat, Walter just went dit-dit-dit-dit. The back of his neck ached, and he got a headache, because he wasn't used to hard work.

"Why should I drill the hard apple tree bark?" he said. "There are plenty of juicy



Sometimes Mr. Woodpecker could be heard drilling away on some old apple tree just to keep Walter satisfied

worms on the leaves and on the ground.

"The turkeys under the trees don't work like this."

"The worms in the trees are better for you," said his mother, "for you are not a turkey. You heard what the farmer said! If you drill hard, the farmer will know you are a worker, and you will always be protected. Everybody likes industrious woodpeckers."

Walter only half believed his mother. He looked around for something easier to do.

Then he saw a goldsmith beetle. The goldsmith beetles shine like new pennies. They are almost as big as pennies, and they are almost as hard. Walter didn't know that the goldsmith beetle was hard. He just thought, "I'll eat that beetle and it will be such a big meal it will last me all day. Then I can rest until tomorrow." Walter grabbed the goldsmith beetle, stretching his beak as wide as he could. Then, he stretched his neck and stood on his tail so that he could swallow it.

Now the goldsmith beetle was very hard and very strong. He braced his feet and his arms and stuck in Walter's throat. Because the goldsmith beetle has four feet and two arms, he was very well braced indeed.



Walter flopped around and almost fell off the limb, but he couldn't say a word, because he was choking.

His eyes stuck out just like the beetle's.

His mother called his father. She called his sister.

They all flew and hopped around Walter, and Walter flopped around the limb.

"Hold him," said Mr. Woodpecker.

Then Walter's mother and sisters took his feathers in their beaks and held Walter so that he couldn't move. Walter thought they were being cruel, but he couldn't say so.

Then Mr. Woodpecker took a long breath and hammered the back of Walter's head "B-z-z-z-z-z-zit."

Walter's head ached as it never had ached from hard work, but he coughed up the goldsmith beetle.

"I'm sorry I had to hurt you," said his father.

"It is too bad," said his mother.

Walter felt ashamed of himself. The goldsmith beetle was on the limb.

"Are you going to try again?" asked his father.

Walter kicked the beetle off the tree so that it fell to the ground.

"Apple tree grubs are good enough for me," said Walter, "and anyhow the turkeys need some food."

The Woodpecker family felt like laughing, but they didn't laugh at poor Walter at all. They could see that he was still red from embarrassment, and they never heard him complain again about having to work.

Then he saw a goldsmith beetle



Mr. Frog climbed out on a lily pad

Mr. Frog and His Family

Goldie Grant Thiel

Pictures by Wynna Wright

"WELL, what kind of a story shall it be today?" Grandfather asked Anne and Jack as they sat down beside him.

"A true story, please!"

"Now let me see—" said Grandfather.

"Kerchug—kerchug!" came a hoarse croak from the pond in the garden.

"How would you like a story that will last all summer?"

"Will it be a nice one?"

"The very nicest kind!" answered Grandfather.

The children skipped along beside him as he led them to the pond. They sat down upon some big rocks.

"Be very quiet and watch the water near those lily pads," said Grandfather.

Soon a green head, with a big mouth and two round eyes, poked itself out of the water. It was old Mr. Frog. He climbed out upon a lily pad to sun himself.

"His toes are longer than his fingers," whispered Anne.

"Yes, and he has five toes on each foot and only four fingers," said Jack.

"What are those little webs between his toes for?" asked Anne.

"They help him to swim better."

"Why is his coat green on top and white underneath?" asked Jack.

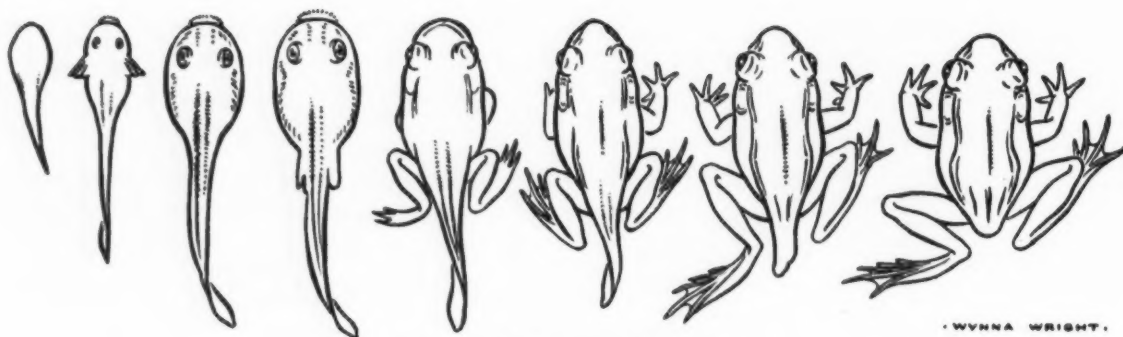
"So that his enemies can not see him so easily. To enemies in the air, he looks like a bit of weed or lily pad; but when his enemies in the water look up, his white vest makes him look like a bit of cloud."

Anne moved. Mr. Frog leaped into the water. A moment later, he poked his head up several feet from where he went in.

"What makes him come up in a different place?" asked Jack.

"That is another way of protecting himself. His enemies will still be watching for him at the place where he went down."

Grandfather knelt and reached down among the lily pads. His hands came up holding something that looked like a lot of little jelly-beads, all fastened together in a mass. Each little bead had a round ball in the center. The tiny ball was



How a tadpole grows to a frog

black on top and almost white underneath.

"These little balls are frog's eggs," said Grandfather. "The jelly-like covering keeps them from drying out and from getting bumped or broken."

Grandfather put the eggs into a bucket of water. He tied several water weeds to a stone and put them into the pail also. Then he put the bucket in the shade of a big tree.

The children looked at the eggs every day. Nothing happened for a whole week. Then one morning they found that most of the eggs had hatched. There were dozens of little black creatures hanging to the water weeds.

"Are those baby frogs?" asked Anne.

"Yes," said Grandfather. "We call them tadpoles. They are blind now, but they will be able to see in a few days."

Grandfather held a magnifying glass over some of the tadpoles. The children could see that each tiny creature held to the water plants with a little crescent-shaped piece of flesh on its head.

The baby tadpoles grew very fast. Soon Anne could see their eyes as they wiggle-waggled through the water.

"Those two little feathery things on each side of their heads," said Grandfather, "are gills. They breathe with

them until the gills inside their bodies are grown."

After the gills on their heads disappeared, the tadpoles looked just like tiny footballs with tails fastened to them. Next two little hind legs sprouted, and when they were about five weeks old, their front legs appeared. And then—their tails began to grow shorter and shorter every day. Soon they looked exactly like Mr. Frog, only they were very, very small.

"Get your raincoats and hats, children," said Grandfather one rainy day.

"Wherever are you going?" asked Mother.

"To the pond, to read another chapter in our Frog story," said Grandfather.

Down at the pond, the little frogs were hopping about in the rain.

"Why do so many of them come out of the water?" asked Jack.

"Because rainy weather is Frog-weather," answered Grandfather. "You see, frogs do not like to have their skins get too dry; so when it begins to rain, they come out to play and to travel."

Another day, when they went to the pond, they found Mr. Frog sitting upon a lily pad.

Suddenly his suit split open. He worked his hind legs out of it, then pulled

it up over his body and head.

"I'll get his old skin and keep it," whispered Jack. But Mr. Frog rolled it up into a tight ball and ate it.

"Why, Grandfather! He ate his old suit!"

"Yes, all frogs do that. They change their suits many times, and always they eat the old ones."

Anne looked back at Mr. Frog who was again sunning himself lazily.

"Look! His new suit is brown instead of green!"

"I know why, too!" said Jack. "Summer is almost gone. The leaves and grasses are turning brown. His coat is brown to match the colors about him, so

that his enemies still can not see him!"

"That's the very reason."

The fall days came and Grandfather and the children went down to the pond to say good-bye to Mr. Frog and his family, for Grandfather was going South for the winter.

"Good-bye, Mr. Frog," said Grandfather. "I hope you will sleep well this winter."

"Where do frogs sleep?" asked Jack.

"In the mud at the bottom of the pond," said Grandfather. "Good-bye, old friend, I'll come to see you next summer."

"Kerchug-kerchug. Next summer, next summer," sang Mr. Frog.

Colored Easter Eggs



THREE little girls walked along the pathway of a small Hungarian village one Good Friday morning. They wore Hungarian scarfs the color of red poppies. A carriage passed along the road and a stranger leaned out and called,

"Where are you going?"

"We are on our way to get some eggs from the next village. On Holy Friday the girls visit the houses where there are boys, and ask for fresh eggs. We color the eggs, and on Easter Monday the boys

come to see us, and sprinkle us with water, and we give them the colored eggs."

The little girls soon reached the village, and one began to sing:

"Where is my hen, my speckled hen? How many eggs, I want to know?"

The little boys asked the little girls in, and they collected many eggs.

On Easter Monday the boys came and sprinkled the girls.

—Hungarian J. R. C.





Hans Andersen



Hans Andersen was born on April second, 1805. The house where he was born, in Odense, Denmark, is shown at the bottom of this page. In a celebration in honor of his birthday, which was held at Odense recently, children acted out some of his stories. "The Princess and the Pea" is shown above. (You can see the pea in the dish.) Left, a scene from "The Emperor's New Clothes"



FOTOGRAF LONBORG

